"100 Girls!

Count 'em!" provokes back
of an old tin sign, re-
cycled, as the roller
coaster ratchets past

its flyblown rust
and other cancer-

ous funk, to leave
a festering

humidity somewhat
below, where up-
turned faces

which are
and once were

like the 100 count'em girls, God
bless us, hotly, everyone.